THE ACADEMY OF COMPLIMENTS.

BEING

The rareſt and moſt exact Way of Wooing a Maid or a Widow, by the Way of Dialogue and Complimental Expreſſions.

WITH

Paſſionate Love Lettere, courtly Sentences to expreſs the Elegance of Love; alſo Poeſies for Rings and other Things

Together with

A Choice Collection of SONGS,

Printed and Sold in Aldermary Church Y
Bow Lane, London.

MVSEVM
NICVM

Academy of Compliments.

Love complimental Expreſſions, applicable to either Sex, by the Way of Dialogue.

MAN.

MAdam, how ſhall I recompence the favour done me, in ſuffering me to poſſeſs this ſo great a bleſſing.

Woman. Sir, you over-value the favour, the acknowledgment is on my part.

Man. Ah! madam the bleſſing is tranſcendant, even that I am tranſported.

Wom. Sir, you are pleaſed to paſs theſe ſe compliments upon me, as knowing I n of the weaker ſex, and unable to anſwer you.

Wom. If I thought you ſincere, my reſolves ſhould be more open.

Man. Madam, the integrity of my mind is before you. Pardon me then moſt excellent creature, if I am compelled to ſay I love you before all things on earth.

Wom. For once I'll take your Aſſurance, but let not my fondneſs leſſen your good opinion of me.

Man. May the ſun and moon forget their courſe, and the ſtars their luſter, if I forget this favour.

In everlaſting conſtancy we'll live,
Lull'd in ſuch Joys as earth beſide can't give.

The Lover's Reſolution to his Miſtreſs.

AH! dear madam, how can my weak thoughts frame words ſufficient to let you know the ſecrets of my heart? but if all the tender love of a wounded breaſt can move you to compaſſionate him who adores your virtue and rare perfections.—Let not my baſhful nature leſſen your opinion of him that is the humbleſt of your ſervants; but out of compaſſionate greatneſs, pity him that throws himſelf at your divine feet, and lives only by your ſmiles.

Beauty's Admirer: Or, The Lover in Cupid's Snare.

FAIR Lady, when I contemplate on your excellence, and ſurvey your tranſcendant beauty, I am raviſhed with pleaſure; but again conſidering I reach at glittering ſtars, and deſire things not to be obtained, it ſinks me to the very depth of melancholy, and makes me deſpair of true happineſs. Yet when I conſider your goodneſs, it emboldens me to fall into your moſt merciful hands. — However, my preſumption is ſuch, that it is from your favour I expect life; you have the final deciſion in your hands; but if my ambition is condemned by your fair ſelf, my redreſs is, To ſhake hands with the world, and go contented to the grave.

The mournful Lover to his Miſtreſs.

AH! dear madam, why do you take from me the light that ſhould give me happineſs? Why is the darling object of my Joy removed? Turn not from me thoſe beauteous eyes that give me day; or, if for a time you cover me with the ſhame of diſcontent, let it not

be durable. The body not with greater remorse parts with the dear soul than I do with you. O let not this separation dig an untimely grave. My affections, madam, are chained to you, and if you break the link, I am undone for ever.

A Letter from a Lady to her Love.

Mr.

IF your heart be your own, I demand it as a new-year's gift, and from you no other present will be acceptable. If it be at your disposal, oblige me in sending it me, or bring it me, and be sure that I have nothing, I say nothing, which I can refuse as a recompence for a present that will be so dear to

Your constant admirer, &c.

Another of the same.

Sir,

I Must discharge my heart, admiring you more than all the world. It is true, your desert imposed the necessity on me, but did not give me the inclination, though I beseech you to believe that I was very willing in the constraint, as having suffered no more violence than what my

judgment and reason offered me. You shall have daily new proofs by the continuance of my duty, and by the quality which I bear of

Your humble Servant, &c.

A passionate Letter from a young Gentleman to his Mistress.

Dear Madam,

SInce I first beheld your bright eyes, they like two blazing stars have influenced wars and tumults in my soul, and banished rest from my abode. I long have stifled my flame, divine beauty; at last it has broke out, to let you see how much I suffer, and that nothing but your smiles can relieve me. Then begging life at your hands, I cast myself at your feet, and in hopes of a favourable sentence, I remain, madam,

Your most passionate servant, &c.

The Lady's Answer.

SIR,

IT was my fortune a few days since to receive your letter; perusing which I was astonished, and can assure you I never wished you any unhappiness, but will do

my utmoſt towards your felicity; I ſhall not be wanting as far as modeſty will allow, which is all at preſent that I can do - and ſo remainiug your beſt friend, I take my leave, &c.

A Letter which may be written in Verſe from a young Man.

FAIREST of creatures, look with pity down,
O do not on your humble ſervant frown
But pardon him who loves you more than man
Could do, or any other mortal can
Beſides himſelf. Then let your goodneſs ſhine
In beams of comfort from a face divine;
That ſo my raviſh'd ſoul, rais'd by your ſmiles,
May paſs to bliſs, forgetting all its toils.

A moſt excellent Way of courting a coy Virgin, ſo as to obtain her Love.

Man.

MAdam, I rejoice that times has been ſo favourable as to offer me this moment of ſerving you.

Maid. Truly it is ill given, and will be ill ſpent in that affair.

Man. O let not my fair one ſay ſo, I count it exceeding, and am raiſed with expectation, as I muſt ſpeak, from death to life.

Maid. In expectation of what? there is no encouragement you can expect from me.

Man. Can ſo fair a creature then be ſo cruel, and muſt I die.

Maid. I vow, ſir, you make me ſmile. —Die, quotha!—why this is the ſpeech, of all young men, in our preſence; but we are ſcarce out of their ſight before we are forgot.

Man. Ah! madam, condemn not all for ſome few that are faithleſs and inconſtant. I love you above all earthly things.—May thunder ſtrike me dead, and utmoſt torments ſeize me if——

Maid. Ah! could I believe mankind, I might credit you.

Man. If not credit, the demonſtration ſhall convince you——

Maid. Hold, hold, raſh man, you ſhall not die, I am confirmed without loſs of

blood, and ſo I care not for ſuch tragedies.

Man. Then maiden, for you ſake I'll live,
'Tis only you that life can give.

How to Court a Widow.

Man.

MAdam, to be plain, without ceremony, I am come to wait on you and offer you my ſervice.

Widow. Hey-day, pray ſir, what do you mean.

Man. Mean, why my good faith, Matrimony; and ſo in ſhort, I love you, and long to conſummate the end of my affections——O how I ſhall hug you with Joy.

Wid. Sure ſir you have not ſlept well to-night, which makes you ſo frolickſome.

Man. Truly Widow, not very well for I did nothing but dream I had you in my arms.

Wid. That's very odd, ſir, but how long have you been in this taking?

Man. Ever ſince I ſaw your eyes, the which ſtole away my heart.

Wid. Alas, poor man; but how do you hope to be cured?

Man. Madam, by enjoying the ſubſtance; the ſhadow has been often repreſented; and kiſs and hug you in my arms.

Wid. O fie, how you touze a body? is this your way of courting.—Yet I confeſs I like a briſk man.——— And if I thought you would be but conſtant, I could find in my heart to match your cock for you.

Man. Never fear widow, I will be as conſtant as the dove.

Wid. Well then I'll ſend for the parſon, and ſee what metal you are made of.

Man. By this dear kiſs you are kind,
and I will be,
Loving and conſtant evermore to thee.

Complimental Expreſſions to be uſed to young Men to their Miſtreſſes.

FAireſt Miſtreſs, I am become your ſlave to wear your chains.

Ah! madam, look upon the man that adores you, and let him not fall a ſacrifice to your diſdain.

Dearest love, tell me how I stand in your affections, and suffer me not to languish between hope and despair.

O my love, did you consider my constancy you would not be cruel.

You are the glory of your sex, and bear the palm of beauty from them all.

The unblown rose, the chrystal, or the diamond are not more pure than you.

I prize your chaste love above all the wealth of India.

You have the power to sway me as you please.

Complimental Expressions for Young Women.

SIR, your compliments are past my understanding.

Sir, your noble deeds transcend all precedents.

Sir, I know myself obliged to you for the favours I have received; and should be ungrateful without an acknowledgement.

Sir, I misunderstand you, I beg pardon for the dulness of my apprehention.

Sir, you cast your eyes too much upon

the flame of beauty which moves to your ruin.

Sir, I muſt enrol you in the catalogue of my beſt friends.

It is my duty ſir, to obey all your commands.

Poeſies for Rings—and other Things.

THis to my love And only dove.
All happineſs We do poſſeſs.
Nothing ſhall part Thee from my heart
We have a Joy None can deſtroy.
None can remove Our faithful love.
Let none divide Whom God hath ty'd.
Our hearts do join As palms entwine.
To live in peace Brings us increaſe.
This was not meant In compliment.
Let us ſhare In Joy and care.
In thy breaſt My heart doth reſt.
The love I owe I fain would ſhow.
O that I might Have thee my right.
What I call mine Shall all be thine.
I ſurely die If you deny.
I love none But thee alone.
I'll rather die Than not comply.
Love is here Both firm and clear.
So I affect me So reſpect me.

No turtle dove Hath firmer love.
My love by this Presented is.
Heart and hand At your command,
The sight of thee Is life to me.
In constancy I'll live and die.
I am yours While life endures.

God hath chosen a mate for me,
I'll honour him in loving thee.

A NEW Collection of SONGS.

The Honeſt Nymph.

TO fly like Birds from Grove to Grove,
To wander like the Bee;
To ſip of ſweets, and taſte of Love,
Is not enough for me.
No fluttering paſſion wakes my breaſt,
I wiſh a place to find,
Where fate may give me peace and reſt,
One ſhepherd to my mind.

To every nymph I'll not be gay,
Nor try on all my power,
Nor future pleaſure throw away
In toying ..or an hour.
I would not reign the general toaſt,
Be praiſ'd by all the town;
A thouſand tongues on me are loſt,
I'll hear but only one.

For which of all the flattering train,
Who ſwarm in beauty's ſhrine,

When youth's gay charms are in their
wane,
Will court their ſure decline:
Then Fops, and Wits, and Beaux for-
bear,
Your arts will never do;
For ſome fond youth ſhall be my care,
Life's checquer'd ſeaſon through.

My little heart ſhall have a home,
A warm and ſhelter'd neſt,
No giddy flight ſhall make me roam
From where I moſt am bleſt.
With love and only that dear ſwain,
What tranquil Joys I ſee,
Farewel ye falſe inconſtant train,
For one is all to me.

Young Nancy.

LONG time I courted Nancy,
With all my ſkill and art,
Now tell to me the reaſon,
That you and I muſt part:
The token that I give you
Is not by royalty;
But now the vows are broken
O fie, Young Nancy, fie.

I hate a ſilly coward,
I love a fighting man,
When England's in confuſion,
I'll do the beſt I can:
I'll ſhip myſelf for Flanders,
Where cannon balls do fly,
Not fearing any deſtruction,
O fie, Young Nancy, fie.

And when to Flanders we do come,
We'll lead a ſoldiers life,
Amongſt our bold commanders,
So boldly I will fight;
And get great ſtore of plunder boys,
To the tavern we will go,
And drink a health to Nancy,
That ne'er will buckle too.

Here's a health to Nancy,
With heart and free good-will,
Tho' ſhe is unlucky boys,
I think upon her ſtill.
The abſence of her company
Will ſurely me undo,
When I return from Flanders,
Then ſhe'll buckle too.

My dear I was prevented,
I could not come till now,

I'd have thee be contented,
I will not break my vow:
Neither for gold nor ſilver,
Neither by land or ſea,
The more Joy and Pleaſure,
Is for to ſee thee.

Merry and Wiſe.

COME hither my dutiful ſon,
And take this good council of me,
All follies endeavour to ſhun,
That ſo you may proſperous be
In all the affairs of your life,
That ſo you to riches may riſe,
Alſo in the chuſing a wife,
It is good to be Merry and Wiſe.

Chuſe not for a great many pence,
Among the fine gaudy and gay,
For a woman well furniſh'd with ſenſe,
Is fifty times better than they.
Here is one in her inſolent pride,
Perhaps may your calling deſpiſe,
When the other will draw by your ſide,
'Tis good to be merry and Wiſe.

Before you both draw in one yoke,
One heart, one hand, and one purſe,
Each other pray never provoke,
Leſt your bleſſing ſhould turn to a curſe.

Be careful and kind to thy wife,
And be not too often diſguis'd,
Be ſober and lead a good life,
'Tis good to be Merry and Wiſe.

Some men they will nothing ſave,
Like ragged extravagant elves,
And it is their deſire to have
Their neighbours as poor as themſelves.
Be careful and value them not,
To ruin they fall while you riſe,
There is a good name to be got
For thoſe that are Merry and Wiſe

Some men they will ſcorn and deride,
Good men of induſtrious care,
That do by their labour provide
Both food and apparel to wear.
They ſtrive by their malace and ſpleen,
Like ragged Wolves in diſguiſe,
We very well know what they mean,
It is good to be Merry and Wiſe.

I have been a father to you,
And ſo I will be to your wife,
Nothing ſhall be wanting in me
To the longeſt day of my life.
If you will mend what's amiſs,
And not my good council deſpiſe,
Then I will conclude with all this
You'll learn to be Merry and Wiſe.

The Seaman's Call.

COME with me you jolly Tars,
We're talking of a Spaniſh war,
Come my boys and tack about,
We'll put the Spaniards to the rout.

CHORUS.

I beg you'll fill your pots all round,
Succeſs to the fleet that is outward bound,
Likewiſe unto all true blues,
That ſails along with Jemmy Aſque,
For he's the man that's bold and true,
He'll fight for his king and country too.

Come with me you volunteers,
Come and enter do not fear,
For I hate to ſee men preſt,
I uſe men well I can do no leſs.
I beg, &c.

Come with me ye ſons of thunder,
Now's the time to make Spain wonder,
For to ſee the Fleet ſo neat,
Man'd with jolly Tars compleat.
I beg, &c.

Come with me you hearts of oak,
And not by Spain then be provok'd,
For we'll tear them all in rags,
While we are under the Britiſh flags.
I beg, &c.

Come haſte away to his rendezvous,
There's plenty of good peck and booze,
Aſque is a ſeaman's friend,
My boys you'll find him in the end,
I beg, &c.

The Lady's Addreſs.

COME hither all ye fair Maidens,
Take warning how you love a man
For like a bright ſtar in a fair ſummers
morning,
When day appears then they are gone:
They'll talk and tell a ſtory,
They'll vow and ſwear they love you true
But that is all to blaſt your glory,
That's all the love they have for you,

I myſelf had once a ſweetheart,
He vow'd he lov'd me as his life;
But that was all his falſe pretences,
For he would not make me his lawful
wife.
I was in his eyes a precious Jewel,
So tender was his love to me,
He ſwore his heart did burn like fuel,
Whenever he my face did ſee.

But now alas! it is all over,
He little thinks on what is paſt,

In Hymen's chains they're link'd together
For to remain while life doth laſt.
May the heavens bleſs the happy womans
That does enjoy my Jewel bright,
He's wit and beauty more than common,
On him I plac'd my whole delight.

I wiſh I was a pretty ſwallow,
I quickly into the air would fly,
And my falſe-hearted love I'd follow.
Whene'er he talk'd I would be by.
Whene'er he talk'd then I would flutter
All on his breaſt with tender wing,
And aſk him who it was that flatter'd,
And told me ſo many deceiving things.

The Diſtreſſes of the POOR.

POOR people I prithee draw near,
I'm ſorry to tell you its true,
We muſt not get bread in the ſtreees,
Alas! now what ſhall we do?
Shall we ſtay at home and be ſtary'd?
Or elſe to a priſon be led?
Shall the father and mother ſit ſtill,
While the children are crying for bread.

Houſe-keepers complain of their rates,
Then what will they ſay bye-and-bye,
When thouſands thats fed by the ſtreets,
Are ſtop'd in the goods that they cry.

Provisions shall fall in their price,
They'll do their endeavour to try it;
But what if they hinder the poor,
The way and the means for to buy it.

If the poor must not be in the street,
Observe how the matter is stated,
Housekeepers you quickly will see,
To support them must be double rated.
Now suppose at the end of each street,
A gibbit is fix'd with a rope sir,
And as the poor passes along,
Tuck 'em up, it will be but a Joke sir.

By this way they'll get rid of the poor,
In every street of the city,
And as they're depriv'd of their bread,
'Twill do them a kindness tha s pretty;
We should think when all things are so dear,
They'd act with that tender discretion;
But now to the poor they're severe,
They load them with double oppression.

PHILLIS.

WHAT beauties doth my Nymph disclose,

Lefs fair the filver Lillies blows,
Such bluſhs blow not on the roſe,
As onthe cheeks of Phillis.

The other day upon the green,
I ſaw a nymph of lovely mein,
I ran to meet my Cyphrian Queen,
But found it was my Phillis.

By moſſy grott with ivy bound,
Where fragrant woodbines curls around,
And daizies dabble o'er the ground,
I ſat and mourn'd for Phillis.

And when the lark with dewey wings,
To hail the morning purling ſprings,
I riſe and tun'd her trembling ſtrings,
To praiſe my deareſt Phillis.

When firſt I ſaw this lovely maid,
I gaz'd with raptures and was diſmay'd,
My flattering tongue was quite afraid,
To tell my tale to Phillis.

Then Cupid aim'd his ſharpeſt dart,
At once I felt the pleaſing ſmart,
That very hour I loſt my heart,
But now it dwells with Phillis.

The Lady's Advice to her Lover.

TELL me no more of pointed darts,
Of flaming eyes and bleeding hearts,
The common phraſe of love;
Be honeſt to yourſelf and me,
Speak truly what you hear and ſee,
And then your ſuit may move.

Why call me angel, why divine,
Why muſt my eyes the ſtars outſhine?
Can ſuch deceit prevail?
For ſhame, forbear this common rule,
'Tis low, 'tis inſult, calls me fool,
With me 'twill always fail.

Would you obtain my honeſt heart,
Addreſs my nobler better part,
Pay homage to my mind:
The paſſing hour brings on decay,
And beauty quickly fades away,
Nor leaves a roſe behind.

Let then your manly open ſenſe,
The moral ornaments diſpence,
And to my worth be true;
So may your ſuit itſelf endear,
Not for the charms you ſay I wear,
But thoſe I find in you.

FINIS.